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Notes of the Week

"Wait and See!"

THE war will begin in May," Lord Kitchener is reported to have said. In both Great Britain and Germany immense efforts of preparation are being made. There is still talk of the possibility of conscription in this country, but against that it is understood that the War Office has at command all the men it can usefully deal with. Germany no longer talks of Paris and Calais and Warsaw; she is now discussing the virtues of patience. When her reserves of men and material have been called up she promises we shall find that they are not to be countered by the raw levies Great Britain is training in haste. Her confidence in the ultimate issue by this time is probably more chastened than she will admit. She can at best hope to do no more than hold her enemies East and West. At the moment she and her allies are not even doing that. Another air raid on Dunkirk, originally meant for England, has accomplished nothing. French activity and daring have secured material advantages both at Steinbach and Perthes, the Austrians have been unable to stay the Russian advance in Bukovina, and heavy Turkish reinforcements have only checked the rapidity of the Muscovite sweep in the Caucasus. Turkey has extended the war area by seizing Tabriz. Expectancy grows with the already lengthening days, not the least important contributory element being the practical assurance that Rumania will take the field in the spring.

Points from the Peers' Debate

If Lord Kitchener's speech last week told the world little it did not know before, the debate which it opened up was full of inspiring points. There were many references either by Lord Kitchener or Lord Curzon to the fine work which has been done not only by our Allies, but by our own troops; a glowing tribute was paid to General Botha; the lining of the streets of Cairo by Egyptians, Indians, Australians, New Zealanders, and Territorials, as the new Sultan drove through, Lord Curzon described as "an unheard-of

scene." Devoted as the men in training and in the trenches or keeping vigil and striking when opportunity serves on the seas have shown themselves to be in all circumstances, the very zenith of heroism was surely reached by the captain and crew of the *Formidable*. Lord Crewe told the story. When the *Formidable* was struck assistance might have been forthcoming. She signalled to another ship to "Keep off" because a submarine was about. Even the Navy has nothing better to record than that simple message.

The Party Blight

Lord Crewe's suggestion that one or more leaders of the Opposition have been taken into consultation in this crisis brought a disclaimer from Mr. Bonar Law. The Opposition leaders have been allowed to see certain despatches before they were published, but are in no way exceptionally informed of the steps taken or proposed for the prosecution of the war. Lord Sydenham is not alone in realising the immense significance of this statement. Half the best brains of the country are not being called upon to serve the country in the greatest ordeal through which it has ever passed. All they are able to do is to refrain from criticism whilst the other half does the work. It is a pitiable limitation. We owe it to the party system, and the fact lends great point to the letter we print this week from Mr. Mark Judge. Since the war began we have buried party hatchets more or less completely. Must we disinter them when it is over? May we not hope that some modified system will emerge which will save John Bull and Co. from being a house divided against itself in domestic whatever it may be in foreign affairs. Mr. Mark Judge's letter should be carefully pondered.

America and Contraband

Sir Edward Grey's preliminary observations in reply to the American protest do not seem to leave much of the American case intact. The truth is Great Britain has exercised her right of search with as much consideration for legitimate trade as is compatible with our national security and interests. How can America contend that her trade with neutrals has been improperly interfered with when obviously that trade has undergone wholly sensational developments since the war began? Take Denmark as the most flagrant instance. In November, 1913, exports to Denmark from New York were valued at \$558,000; in November, 1914, they were valued at over \$7,000,000. Or take Norway: the figures respectively are \$477,000 and \$2,318,000. Can there be any doubt that the increase has been on account of the enemy country? The British Government would fail in its first and most elementary duty if it shut its eyes to such facts. That we are sure will, on reflection, be well recognised in the United States. Bona-fide neutral trade has little cause of complaint, whilst not a few traders, both in America and Europe, have unquestionably derived immense benefits from the war. Probably the American protest has nothing more in it than an eye to the settlement of claims after the war.

German Outrages in France

"Incredible" is the only comment which humanity can make on the long list of horrors contained in the report of the Commission of Inquiry into German outrages in France. The wanton murder of defenceless civilians, the outrages on women, the wholesale thefts of private valuables, the destruction of property without the smallest provocation—all these things go to show that Germany has behaved at least as badly in Eastern France as in Belgium. The excuse no longer holds, therefore, that the tragedies and crimes of Louvain, Malines, and elsewhere were due to rage that Belgium should have stood in Germany's way and robbed her of triumph in her efforts to get to Paris. It becomes ever more clear that the discipline of the German army was not one of morals. Directly the restraint of the barrack-room was removed, the animal passions were given free play. The German soldier has sown in a campaign the vicious oats of an iron peace. As Sir Oliver Lodge is reported to have said: "The Prussian god appears to be more like what we would call a devil."

Dr Kuno Meyer

It is hard to believe that a distinguished scholar like Dr. Kuno Meyer could have so completely lost his sense of honour as to have done his utmost to urge England's bitterest enemies, the members of the Clan-na-Gael, in America, to take up arms against her. Dr. Meyer was for thirty years Professor of German in Liverpool University, and was the favourite of all his colleagues. He was allowed by the University to give up teaching German in order to devote himself to Celtic languages, literature, and research. His reputation was made in England. He stated in New York that he had been dining with ex-President Roosevelt, who had assured him the Germans were bound to win. This statement was flatly contradicted by Mr. Roosevelt, and it appears that the President of an American University in which Dr. Meyer was to lecture refused to allow him to fulfil his engagement. Equally has he failed to influence the Nationalists of Ireland. Alderman Quaid, a prominent Nationalist of Dublin, has set down a motion that the ex-Professor's name shall be removed from the list of burgesses of Dublin. Even more contemptuous is Mr. George Moore's stinging letter in reply to the ex-Professor's appeal for sympathy. Mr. Moore will have no commerce with "renegades, traitors, and apostates."

Mr. Noyes Amazed

We are afraid Mr. Alfred Noyes goes far in his own person to prove that we were nearer the truth than we wished to be when we wrote "How obtuse we Britons are!" His letter printed on another page is full of unconscious humour. THE ACADEMY made up its mind the very hour war was declared that Great Britain was right and Germany wrong. Yet because we dare indulge in a very small effort at sarcasm suggesting that we are an obtuse people not to see things from the German point of view, Mr. Noyes is "a little amazed." The poet patriot must have things in plainest prose!

The Last of the Parnassians:

JAMES ELROY FLECKER—I

BY DOUGLAS GOLDRING

The young men leap and toss their golden hair,
Run round the land, or sail across the seas:
But one was stricken with a sore disease—
The lean and swarthy poet of despair.

ONE evening in June, some seven or eight years ago, I remember going to see James Flecker and hearing him read aloud the lines quoted above. They form part of the envoy to his first book of poems, "The Bridge of Fire," which was then about to appear. As he had just been making me weep with laughter over his famous "Yellow Book of Japes," a manuscript volume of daring Oxford verses, the contrast between his two manners was somewhat startling. I did not, however, take his poetic melancholy very seriously. We were all melancholy in those days, and I imagined that he was joyously indulging in a Byron-cum-Baudelaire pose, like the rest of us. It was only later on, when I came to know him better, that I realised his complete sincerity. At the time of which I am writing he was staying in a house in Torrington Square. The house was on the left-hand side as you walked towards the Irvingite Church, and it had a dark hall in which a single gas jet flickered in the draught and cast huge shadows. His rooms, as befitted those of a poet, were rather near the stars, and as the night of my visit was the one before his removal from this address, I remember that his study was in the wildest state of disorder. A great wave of paper-covered volumes had broken over the table; piles of them were heaped up on the floor in different corners of the room; the bookcases overflowed. Mixed up with French and Spanish and Italian novels, dictionaries and sumptuous editions of the Latin poets, were odd-shaped liqueur bottles, copies of "L'Assiette au Beurre," and lavish heaps of *caporal* cigarettes. I do not recall any pictures on the walls—they had probably been taken down and packed—but I have a vivid memory of the white glare of the incandescent gas, of Flecker's tall and swarthy form striding up and down amid the chaos, and of the musical, faint roar of the London traffic which floated in through the uncurtained window.

Flecker was full of excitement and enthusiasm that night. This "poet of despair" seemed, more than anyone I had ever met, to be conscious, every moment, of the joy of being alive in a world full of the maddest and most delightful possibilities. In two days' time he was starting for France, with a friend of his in the Consular Service, to take part in some sanguinary wine riots in Burgundy. I forget what exactly the riots were about—except that Catholicism was for some reason up in arms against the Republic—but I shall always remember the glint of the *rigolo* that was to be fired off in defence of Holy Church, and the peculiar charm with which Flecker was able to surround the whole adventure.

Flecker's whole personality had a great attraction for me from the first, and he seemed to have done nearly everything that I was then wanting to do myself. At the age of twenty or twenty-one I was immensely interested in France, in its literature and art, and this interest was considerably greater than my knowledge of them, so that when Flecker talked to me about Paris, which he seemed to know as well as London, he thrilled me. He had been to all the cabarets, to all the famous cafés of Montmartre and the Boul' Mich'. He could remember the words and tunes of many of the songs of Aristide Bruant, or Lucien Boyer, or Paul Marinier; reproductions of drawings by Steinlen and Forain and others lay about all over his table, and he was familiar with the poetry of all his French contemporaries.

As he strode about his room, talking excitedly in his gentle, rather high-pitched voice, visions of all kinds of beautiful and passionate adventures would drift into one's mind. He gave the impression of being entirely absorbed in the art of poetry, in the quest of Beauty in whatever form, in Ideas, and in what may perhaps be called the romance of scholarship. He was as completely "uncommercial" as the simplest of priests, and I don't suppose he ever spoke two words to a British "business man" in the whole course of his life. That sort of thing didn't exist for him. He only saw in the world what was radiant and splendid and desirable, and even the most sordid back streets of towns held their charming secret for him. "A pretty girl came out to hang up clothes in a small delightful garden," he writes somewhere, and it was this capacity of his for discovering "delightfulness" where other people wouldn't, which made his life seem always so rapturously worth living. He had, as he has himself expressed it, "a poet's appreciation of this transient world, the flowers and men and mountains that decorate it so superbly." Now that he is dead, dead so tragically young and of a disease whose latent presence must have haunted the whole of his manhood, we can guess that it was an acute realisation of this transience which lent such an ardour to his appreciations. His fore-knowledge of an early death we may believe touched for him every common sight with magic, made him value every second and live each moment the more intensely. It was, I suppose, because he was so palpably a man who got a great deal out of life that, on that far-off evening in Torrington Square, the lines from the envoy to "The Bridge of Fire" seemed to me to express a factitious gloom. My only wonder now is that he managed to be as joyous as he

was. To-day, more perhaps than at any other time in the world's history, men are being made to realise the peculiar bitterness of death for the young who have learnt how to live.

II.

The main facts of James Flecker's career can be given very briefly. I take them from a short biographical notice which he sent me a little while before his death, in response to a request for information made by the American publishers of "The King of Alsan-der."

He was born in 1884 and was the son of the Rev. Dr. Flecker, headmaster of Dean Close School, Cheltenham, where he spent his boyhood. (See "Oak and Olive," in "The Golden Journey to Samarkand.") From Dean Close School he went to Uppingham, whence he obtained a classical scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford. Oxford over, after a brief experience of schoolmastering at Hampstead he began to work for the Levant Consular Service, which entailed travelling in France, Germany, and Italy in order to learn the languages. He passed into the service and was sent to Cambridge for two years to study Oriental languages, so that he had the peculiarly delightful experience of life at both Universities. He was first appointed to Constantinople, afterwards to Smyrna, and lastly to Beyrout, where many of his Oriental poems were written. As would have been expected by anyone who knew him, he did not let slip the opportunity of being so near to travel in Greece, the country of his dreams, and it was in Athens that he met and married his wife, a Greek lady, in 1911. (His poem "Phæcia" was written at Corfu.) He was taken very ill at Beyrout just before the completion of his book, "The Golden Journey to Samarkand," and the much discussed preface was written in circumstances of great difficulty. In a note to me, sent on May 10, 1913, he writes: "I am very ill again, and probably shall come to England. Can't work at much and hardly at this letter. The preface was an awful strain." In another letter he refers to his having "half-killed" himself to write it. He did not return to England, but went instead to Switzerland, where he removed from one hotel or sanatorium to another until finally he settled at Davos Platz, where he died on January 3, 1915. His published books were only seven in number and were as follows: "The Last Generation" (F. Palmer, 1906. A short fantastic story written while he was at Oxford), "The Bridge of Fire" (Elkin Mathews, "Vigo Cabinet Series", 1907), "An Italian Word Book" (D. Nutt), "Forty-Two Poems" (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., 1911), "The Grecians,"

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a dialogue on education (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.), "The Golden Journey to Samarkand" (Max Goschen, Ltd., 1913), and "The King of Alsander," published last year by Messrs. Max Goschen in England and by G. P. Putnam's Sons in America. These books will be considered in detail in next week's issue of THE ACADEMY.

[In the next two issues of THE ACADEMY further articles on James Elroy Flecker will appear from the pen of Mr. Douglas Goldring. Mr. Goldring was responsible for the publication of Mr. Flecker's two best-known books, and was largely instrumental in bringing his work before the notice of the general public.—ED. ACADEMY.]

The Musical Future of Russia—III

BY D. C. PARKER

STRAVINSKI'S use of the orchestra is marvellous; it shows that the composer has inherited that dexterity in the handling of groups of instruments which characterised his master, Rimsky-Korsakoff. Whether we regard him as a clever musician, too fond of orchestral pyrotechnics, assured only of an ephemeral existence, or as a master whose originality and resource will ultimately win him a permanent place, must be, at the present time, a matter of personal opinion. But one thing may be said about him. There is in his works a freshness which is welcome. The composer of "Pétrouchka" has, surely, little in common with men like Andreev and that group of literary pessimists who are obsessed with the idea of death. Behind his work is vitality. He is a Dionysian. He says "Yes" to life. Still a young man (he was born at Oranienbaum in 1882), he may yet go far. And, certainly, those who have heard and seen his ballets must wish him well. He is associated in our minds with an art which lifts us out of our everyday world and carries us to regions which, while unknown to the geographers, have cast their spell upon us. Indeed, I am surprised that more has not been made of the fact that, after having written a symphony, Stravinski put so much elaborate work into three ballets. While Bruneau in "L'Attaque du Moulin," Charpentier in "Louise," and Puccini in "Madame Butterfly" have turned their backs upon the old type of opera, with its romantic dukes and dames and with its intrigues so reminiscent of the picaresque novels, Stravinski has applied the complicated machinery of the modern orchestra towards illustrating the fantastic and burlesque. There is something to be said for those who, of set purpose, choose to deal with the grotesque characters of a world of unreality. For many people whose lives are spent amid the turmoil of modern cities the doings of Pétrouchka at the carnival, the story of the fire-bird, the dances of Cossacks and of gypsies must be welcome. Scenes like these appeal to the child in man. This is true also of "Le Rossignol," based on a Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale. Such

subjects give immense scope to musicians with temperament and imagination.

In the ballets which treat of themes of this nature the Russians have attained much in the matter of artistic unity. The relationship of men like Bakst, Alexandre Benois, and the rest towards the musicians with whom they work, is much closer than that of the librettist, scene-painter, and stage-manager towards the operatic composer, except, perhaps, in an isolated case like that of Verdi and Boito. Of late one has heard complaints of the lack of elasticity at Bayreuth and at other of the German opera-houses, resulting from a too great adherence to stage tradition. Wagner dwelt much upon the unity of the arts, but his colossal musical gifts mitigated against a fine balance between music and the other arts, a state of matters which those of us who love the magnificent creations of this world-genius and revel in the glories of his music would hardly have otherwise. If the ballet, however, lack the spoken word, one can only say that here the emotional expressiveness of action is intensified to such an extent that we do not feel the lack of it.

In dealing with Alexander Scriabin we are in another world. An older man than Stravinski—he was born in Moscow in 1871—he also has given the pedagogues much to think about. He arrived at his present position *via* Chopin, and is reckoned one of the most prominent musical personalities of the day. If the public look askance at the music of Scriabin, it is hardly surprising. Temerity in popular criticism invariably arises from a desire not to be duped by a musical Blavatsky, and it will probably be a considerable time before audiences make up their minds about the precise value of Scriabin as a musical force. On the harmonic side the chief interest lies in his use of a six-note scale, by the manipulation of which he procures great plasticity. His most important works are ambitious. About their titles there is something cosmic and Dantesque. His third symphony is called "Le Poème Divin"; its successor, which is not a symphony in the orthodox sense, "Le Poème d'Extase"; his fifth symphonic work is the much-debated "Prometheus, the Poem of Fire." Scriabin is one of those men whom you cannot discuss without alluding to more than music. There is, it is true, enough interesting material in his compositions to provide food for reflection for a long time to come. But a consideration of his most notable achievements necessarily implies a reference to his views on other matters. Art is apparently a sacred thing, a kind of religion to him. Theosophy has taken hold of Scriabin the artist as well as Scriabin the man, and this means that to those who are not theosophists there may often be obscurity where there ought to be light.

"Lost Sheep," by Vere Shortt, which Mr. John Lane announces for publication on January 19, is a story of the French Foreign Legion, of particular interest at the present time. The author's pictures of life in the Foreign Legion are drawn from actual experience, as he served for five years in it.

Our Village and the Roll of Honour

BY A WOMAN OF KENT

OUR village is thrilled to the very core of its being. Our mail man, who this time last year was coming with his van every morning and night from the post town away across the river plain, has been recommended for the Victoria Cross. Many heroes we have had, silent ones who have laid down their lives without any fuss, with scarcely an elegy, for their country; others wounded, sent home and back to the fighting line once more to slay or be slain; twice men have been mentioned in despatches, nominated for the D.S.O., but this is the first time in history that the coveted reward for valour has been conferred on our village. Details are not yet to hand, and we, remembering the quiet, unobtrusive figure of the postman and reservist, are still wondering what was his particular act of bravery, wondering while the wave of pride mounts high.

Recently we have taken an active part in the war, for in our beautiful old village, in the inn where once the Earl of Leicester rested for a night while his proud Queen slept in the castle opposite, there is quartered a company of soldiers, some of them even staying in the grand old house itself. And the quiet streets and the bridge, over which, long centuries ago, the Romans marched to conquest, echo to the tread of their horses' feet; frequently in the gateways of the castle stacks of cycles can be seen, each with its companion rifle; on Sundays the old grey church, where monk and mediæval warrior sleep side by side, has been filled with a body of khaki-clad men, joining in the solemn intercessions for all those engaged in this mighty and most deadly war. Beautiful their voices sounded as they rose to the timber-spanned roof in the familiar Christmas hymns, for we number singers of no mean capacity among our soldiers; and very proud the village has been to make them sing songs of war and the hunt and of love in the winter evenings when the serious work of the day is done. Great pleasure is taken in their society, many the comforts provided for them, and keen regret is felt at the thought of parting with them within the month for active service, so much have they endeared themselves to the life of the village.

The interest we feel in them and the desire to add to their comfort is an outlet for the deeper feeling of the village, which broods over its sons and fathers in the trenches and on the battlefield. There is scarcely a cottage but has its anxiety, shared by every house and mansion in the neighbourhood. Over many the dark wings of the Angel of Death have fluttered. In the quiet graveyard, on the hill where stands the little church that serves an outlying hamlet, under the spreading cedars that in summer dapple the bright turf with grateful shadow, there is a grave covered with silks in scarlet and blue and white, a single wreath of laurel resting at its head. Beneath it lies the hope

of a man whose name is honoured the whole Empire over, and who is well beloved in the village which saw his birth; a proud young life which had already greatly attained and promised greater things, laid down without a murmur for his country's sake. Yet are there mothers in our village who count that grief-stricken father to be envied in that he knows the last resting-place of his son, not one of the least of the sorrows of this war being its uncertainty, the terrible want of knowledge which encompasses the living and the dead across that narrow strip of channel.

But if we have our tragedies—and who has not in this year of grace 1915?—we have also our joys, our moments of pride and of relief from strain, shared by the whole community in a degree only possible to an isolated and ancient village, whose families have grown up side by side for centuries, have intermarried, and lived so closely that what is the concern of one is the happiness or woe of all. There is a mother, living close to the old grey church, who has given her only son, and who first before Christmas heard the lamentable news that he was reported wounded and missing. Neighbours in vain tried to soothe her agitation; almost it seemed as if the war must cost us another tragedy. Then one dark evening a knock was heard on the door of another house quite near, and on opening it there was revealed the young soldier himself, tired certainly and worn-looking, but with no trace of wounds, and, as the woman afterwards remarked, "nothing about him missing." In answer to amazed inquiries, he explained that he had come to ask her to break his arrival gently to his mother, having had no opportunity to prepare her for it, nor was he less astonished than the woman to hear of the report attaching to his name. Imagination easily fills in the joyful reunion. Nor is this the only case where truth has been more kind than officialdom. Quite recently the village was stirred by the news of the loss of the *Formidable*, for did not the brother of one of our inhabitants serve among its numbers? Days passed, and he was silently added to the roll of honour of the village, when one morning the postman appeared, waving the familiar red envelope and announcing, contrary to all regulations, that — was among the saved, and coming eastward to Kent as soon as sufficiently recovered from his exposure. These are the incidents which help us through the dark days that inevitably come.

Not one of the least striking results of the war is the increase of dignity in the younger portion of our community, nor is it among the least hopeful for the future. Not a boy in his teens but is enrolled as a scout, eager to work in spare moments for hospital, or soldiers, or anything that comes handy. Not an urchin promoted to breeches but stands to attention and registers a thousand times a day to any willing ear his undying intention to augment his Majesty's forces; one patriot not yet three has announced that on growing up he will be two soldiers, one an artilleryman, another a kilted Highlander! May they all live to do it!

And our lasses. It may be that in days past we have been a trifle casual over our love affairs, not quite alive to the dignity and respect that should go hand in hand with the possession of a lover. All that is now altered. Gone, too, is the reluctance of war's early days to send one's "company" to the recruiting station. Self is forgotten, and a new expression is on the faces of many of England's girls. They have come early to grips with woman's greatest potentiality, that of self-sacrifice. The light things of life have fallen away. The pert word, the trifling and affectation that have hidden more womanly qualities have given place to more solid virtues in many who have brothers or lovers at the seat of war, which augurs well for the future mothers of the race. And as village life is the miniature of society as a whole, let us lift up our heads and walk bravely in the thought of the many good things which counterbalance the evils of the time.

The War Relief Exhibition at the Royal Academy

IN the great light from the flame of war everything suddenly stands revealed at its true value; everything inconsequential in art shrinks in the terrible illumination. But, at the same time, just that which is real in art does at last make itself clearly audible, with sweet consolation, at a moment when so much in life itself that we had put trust in seems to have betrayed us.

Only that work which is natural expression, only that painting which has fulfilled a real need for expression in the artist, can stand the test to which time, at last, or war, suddenly, submits it. In the present circumstances the highly artificial conditions of the art world are exposed. What England has always wanted, and what to vital purpose she has only possessed once—when Ruskin filled the Slade Chair at Oxford—is education organised to fit a man to play with discrimination the part of patron in the encouragement of art. What it has lately had instead, alas! is expensive factories for the production of an immense professional class of artists, chiefly drawn from young men with a distaste for real work who could afford to put up the fees.

The noble history of "Painting" has culminated in this, that it has assumed a place as one of the *recognised* professions; the one into which a young man with "three hundred a year—and an easel," to quote Mr. Sickert, may go with greater ease than into any other. The publication of "Trilby," with its discovery that a gentleman could be an artist, filled the schools of art with Little Billees; men who could afford themselves an interminable training—"whose virtue was industry, and whose industry was vice." The Royal Academy countenanced this movement which seemed to put an artist on a level with a clergyman or a country

doctor. It was merely necessary that the artist should sign himself "Exhibitor at the R.A." Not that this was a right quite easily come by. The suppression of individuality required in the other "recognised" professions fell far short of that demanded here. If a man will get his hair cut, he can go into the Army; but if there is any originality of character reflected in his art, it is his soul itself that has to be refitted before he will see his picture on the line of the R.A. So it comes about that the greatest reputations are made outside the Academy, whether the Academy elects the painter a member later, when his reputation is made, or not. Whatever claims may be admitted of an institution of which the above is true, it cannot be said that it is the representative institution of British Art, the position with which all the Academy's special privileges are to be connoted.

But things will not return to the same condition after the war, or, if they do, the Royal Academy will not endure. Nor need they return to the same condition; the Royal Academy itself has relieved us of the necessity of witnessing a struggle in this matter. It is an English institution, and it has beautifully played an English part in its response to the high sentiment of the country in the present crisis. It has made the first advances to the great outsiders. It has declined on the occasion of the War Relief Exhibition to regard any English artist as an opponent. If these advances have not been met as fully as we could wish, it is only because the artists to whom they have been made are Englishmen too, in their pursuit of a single purpose, the perfecting of their art, who cannot be expected suddenly to change their ground and embrace this novel chance of obtaining further worldly recognition. The question for the Academy itself must be revived when the war is over. It is to be sincerely hoped that at last it will endeavour to justify its State privileges by identifying itself with the renewed aspirations of a country likely to be more than ever democratically inclined. It will hardly be possible for it to revert with its old complaisance to the encouragement of the most trivial forms of artistic ambition. We shall be living in a great time, but after the innumerable deaths in the field everything will have to show real qualification for living.

But two facts in connection with the present exhibition must be kept in view. Firstly, the fine generosity of spirit in which the Royal Academy has subordinated its own prejudices, and invited work from men who have made no secret of their opposition to its policy. Secondly, that the sales will result in what amounts to a gift from the artist individually, since he retains only one-third of the less than normal price, the rest being sent to the St. John Ambulance and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

We bring away with us from the exhibition a delightful impression of sympathetically arranged rooms and of thoughtful hanging; also of some of the gems in the show, such remarkable things as Mr. Sargent's "Rialto," Mr. Wilson Steer's "Low Tide, Porchester,"

Mr. Walter Sickert's "Integrity of Belgium," Mr. John Lavery's "The Green Park," Mr. Gerald Kelly's "Ma-Thein-Kin in Her Best Clothes," Mr. G. Clausen's "Afternoon in a London Garden," Mr. Anning Bell's "The Amazon Guard," Mr. W. Rothenstein's "A Norman Hamlet," Mr. Charles Rickett's "Bacchus in India," Mr. Philip Connard's "No. 1, Cromwell Gardens," Mr. Derwent Wood's "Pan and Psyche." Many other things stimulated us by virtue of their high quality; but an enumeration of names is always tedious, except to those whose names they are, and space does not permit us here to dwell on single pictures. Otherwise it would be a pleasant task to share with the reader our impression of dramatic splendour of design in Mr. Rickett's "Bacchus in India," of subtlety in delicate sea distances in Mr. Steer's picture, and of the revival of a Renaissance charm that we thought was exhausted a century ago in a statuette by Mr. Derwent Wood, A.R.A.

REVIEWS

From an Eastern Tower

The Service Kipling: From Sea to Sea. Four Vols.
Wee Willie Winkie. Two Vols. *Soldiers Three.*
 Two Vols. *Plain Tales from the Hills.* Two Vols.
 (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. each net.)

IF it has become rather too frequent an experience to hear Mr. Kipling greeted as "the poet of Empire," we realise, on reading again some of his stories and sketches, that there is every reason for the title. His travels and his writings, it is true, have not always concerned the British dominions—in the "letters home" which form the series "From Sea to Sea" we have brilliant pictures of life in Japan, in California, in Chicago; but behind it all lurks a feeling that it is being contrasted with more familiar things, with the way "we" manage affairs. It does not follow that the verdict is always in our favour; the observer and chronicler is conscious of being unalterably English, and that is enough.

Mr. Kipling is not at all the "restless analyst," as Mr. Henry James confesses himself to be. Mr. James perceives, records briefly, and immediately retires to his secret fastness to work out motives, phenomena, and consequences, giving himself and us immense pleasure in the process; Mr. Kipling, on the other hand, is chiefly occupied with seeing and recording the outward and visible signs of those complexities which Mr. James puts first. Time after time he proves by a word or a phrase that he is aware of the psychological depths beneath, but he is content to hint at their existence and to concentrate most of his attention upon the actions which they inspire. In this he is true to his artistic self, for his quick, impulsive, vivid style is a medium precisely suited to the events upon which his imagina-

tion seizes. This style is particularly evident in "Soldiers Three," "Wee Willie Winkie," and the "Plain Tales"—which books we suppose most people have read. The Letters of Travel collected under the title of "From Sea to Sea" are not nearly so well known; this fact we have ascertained by many enquiries. Perhaps the admirable "Service" edition will bring many more readers, for there can be few books in existence where the art of clean-cut description is brought to such remarkable effectiveness. Take the beginning of No. xxxv., on Chicago:

There was no colour in the street and no beauty—only a maze of wire-ropes overhead and dirty stone flagging underfoot. A cab-driver volunteered to show me the glory of the town for so much an hour, and with him I wandered far. He conceived that all this turmoil and squash was a thing to be reverently admired; that it was good to huddle men together in fifteen layers, one atop of the other, and to dig holes in the ground for offices. He said that Chicago was a live town, and that all the creatures hurrying by me were engaged in business. . . He showed me business blocks, gay with signs and studded with fantastic and absurd advertisements of goods, and looking down the long street so adorned it was as though each vender stood at his door howling: "For the sake of money, employ or buy me and me only!" . . . And the cabman said that these things were the proof of progress; and by that I knew he had been reading his newspaper, as every intelligent American should. The papers tell their readers in language fitted to their comprehension that the snarling together of telegraph-wires, the heaving up of houses, and the making of money is progress.

This is impressionistic and exaggerated, doubtless; but it succeeds, it "gets home" to the reader quite satisfactorily, and the very abruptness and directness of the method of attack produces the right note. Maintained too long, it would, of course, defeat its own ends; judiciously employed, it has an artistic value.

Some of these "Letters" deal with India, and, read in conjunction with many short stories, set us wondering what we should have known about that wonderful part of the Empire had Mr. Kipling never written of it. The most painstaking and elaborate travel-books would have conveyed little of the spirit of the great tropical peninsula, however finely they might present the scenery, the dress, and the customs. The life of the soldier and soldiers' society is set before the reader, taking his Indian stories as a whole, plainly and without any straining after effect. Such tales as "Wee Willie Winkie," "His Majesty the King," and "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" form another aspect of the work which proves how well Mr. Kipling understands the mind of the child; in them laughter and tears are very near together, and we are inclined to set them among the best things of the collection; not even the tragedy of the "Fore and Aft" can move us as does the humour and pathos of little "Black Sheep," sorely tried and puzzled. Later on we hope to discuss another side of this versatile artist; meanwhile the "Service Kipling" has made a good start, and will put the complete works within the reach of all readers.

Gardens and their Makers

Italian Gardens of the Renaissance. By JULIA CARTWRIGHT. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE impression left on the mind by Mrs. Ady's book is that it concerns the gardens of Italy during the Renaissance period only in so far as they reflected one side of the makers of that period, the human interest in it is so much stronger than the horticultural. Its title might well have been "Some aspects of the leisure of men of the Renaissance." No one knows Italy past and present better than does the author of this book, and none can write with more sympathy and understanding of these brilliant centuries; nevertheless, the total effect is somewhat disappointing. Taken as separate papers, many of the chapters are full of charm, both in their descriptiveness and in the pleasant anecdotes interspersed; but, read *en bloc*, the detail is confusing and tends to become monotonous. The Italians in the design of their gardens showed rare skill in avoiding any sense of overcrowding. The pleasure-ground was a perfect work of art. Destined for a place of shade and refreshment, as a meeting-place of happy wit, mirth and learning, too great a luxuriance of colour, scent, or brilliance was carefully eliminated, and the result was satisfying to the most critical faculties. This Mrs. Ady fully realises, yet in her book, destined for a similar purpose, she compasses a less happy effect. After reading some pages the senses are cloyed by the perpetual visualising of roses and lilies, jessamine and pinks, by the endless stream of brilliant names, of witty anecdotes, by the impression of opulence, both mental and physical, conveyed in them.

Relief is conspicuously lacking. One longs for a breath of winter, for the cold wind of the north to blow across the garden. The mind seizes on the story of Ariosto with a positive feeling of gratitude and friendship, after the ease with which these men and women (such as Isabella or Beatrice d'Esle) built palaces, designed equally palatial gardens, and in the intervals wrote books and poems and collected priceless antiques. It brings these high personages so comfortably to one's own level that the poet and wit was, after all, no gardener; that he pulled up bulbs and plants impartially in his eagerness to see if they were growing; that, much as he loved results, he never could compass the processes by which they were brought about!

The mists of time are very rosy-hued which come between us and those days of the Renaissance. They are apt in their glamour to blot out the sordid side, the dark tragedies, the endless strife and faction, the deeds of violence, tyranny and guile which throw up into vivid relief the genius and accomplishment of the men and women who move and speak in these pages. Yet it is only by a realisation of the shade as well as the light of these times that it is possible to reconstruct their atmosphere. And this is what this book, full of good things as it is, fails to do.

True it is that these gardens were designed for the lighter moments, the relaxation of their makers; but

equally true is it that men can never get away from themselves, and into them the potentates of Church and State, the beauteous ladies of the courts, took their intrigues, their deep plottings and schemes, as well as the light laugh and smooth flow of rhymed words. The serpent was first met with in a garden, and his trail, unfortunately, has never been obliterated from even the fairest. It is the contrast of the flower and the thorn, of the fruit and the poison lurking in the berry, which lends piquancy to the garden and its literature. In this series of papers on the most romantic epoch in history Mrs. Ady has extracted the thorn and eliminated the poison. Like the first woman, one is tempted to find its sweetness somewhat nauseating, to tire of the banquet of spices, and to sigh after the deeper knowledge of life, even at the risk of losing some of the beauty of the garden.

The Saving Grace

Joking Apart. By the HON. MRS. DOWDALL. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

THERE are many people who can look on life with the humorous eye, seeing the fun in trivial troubles and the amusing aspect of graver things, yet who could never express in words the effect of that excellent gift. The very effort to snare the thought in the mesh of language too often stiffens it, spoils it, and renders it useless—the heavy touch is as disastrous to comedy as to the bloom on the butterfly's wing. We welcome heartily, therefore, any successful attempt to fix in print the thousand trifles of everyday existence which raise a smile, for the very good reason that few authors can accomplish the feat delicately. Mrs. Dowdall, with her deft touch and the contagious merriment which we feel behind all her work, is just "right"; she never forces the note, nor does she descend to mere clowning for the sake of producing a half-ashamed laugh. The theatre, the home, the visits of friends, shopping—all the so-called ordinary happenings—provide her with ample material. Even the minor illnesses which necessitate quiet and rest give her smiling muse a good opportunity. Maggie, the maid, staggers in, bearing an immense tray "with tea sufficient for a school feast; the butter is so shivering with cold that it is only able to clutch a few crumbs out of the bread." The "stern, unpopular cake" stares into the fire "just like the kind of person who sits on and on after tea, and breaks your marked silence by asking, 'Have you heard anything from Annie lately?' and futilities of that sort. . . . You drop into a sound sleep about ten, which is the hour Maggie selects to 'do' the washstand and tidy the room. If anyone has not the experience or the imagination to supply details of the subdued clatter of soap-dishes and glasses, varied by heavy falls of coal and hair-brushes, or of the piercing squeak of each drawer as it opens and shuts, neither will they realise the significance of a basin-cloth left on the floor just where it catches the eye." And so on, through the "quiet" day in bed.

The chapters on Electioneering are very entertaining, and there is one entitled "Just the Usual," which strikes a really necessary note of protest against the good folk who never have an original observation to make, who always say and do and apparently think the same thing. "I have seen people sitting round a table," says the author, "deliberately, wantonly, refusing us the thoughts which the good God put into their heads in order that they might share them with us." They "dish up the same old remarks in the same old way, until those of us who feel boredom begin to scream and cry and throw the food about." Most of us know that feeling. In fact, most of us have been through the various little crises from which Mrs. Dowdall extracts so many delightful comments—which explains, no doubt, why her book, with its expressive marginal line-illustrations, has been such a source of quiet amusement.

Shorter Notices

Italy's Foreign and Colonial Policy

Italy to-day holds so important a position in Europe that men whose touch with affairs does not go back more than a quarter of a century hardly realise that at the time of the Franco-Prussian War there was no Italy; that the Power which has been associated for so long as an ally with Germany and Austria, and has had to be reckoned with in all Mediterranean and much African colonial enterprise in the last twenty-five years, was before 1870 a series of small States, mostly under the heel of the Austrian. Italian unity and independence were accomplished by the genius of Victor Emmanuel II and Cavour, and the country has been fortunate since in her statesmen, in both the domestic and foreign departments. How fortunate, we may gather from a book on "Italy's Foreign and Colonial Policy" (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net), mainly composed of a selection from the speeches delivered by Senator Tomaso Tittoni, who was Foreign Minister from 1903 to 1909, subsequently Ambassador to Great Britain and is actually Ambassador to France. The volume has been translated by Baron Bernardo Quaranta di San Severino, is dedicated to Mr. A. J. Balfour, and introduced by Senator Maggiorino Ferraris, editor in chief of *La Nuova Antologia*. There is much in these pages which will make it easier to understand the present policy of Italy. For instance, "I have heard it repeated in all quarters that we must remain in the Triple Alliance, but with complete independence." As Mr. Richard Bagot says in a note. Senator Tittoni's programme always was: "Fidelity to the Triple Alliance, friendship for France, friendship for England."

Prisoners of France

Sir Edward Hain has been fortunate in securing the personal narratives of certain sailors captured during the Napoleonic wars. He reproduces the adventures of John Treggerthen Short and Thomas Williams, of St. Ives, Cornwall, in "Prisoners of War in France from 1804 to 1814" (Duckworth, 2s. 6d. net). Sir Edward's introduction is excellent, but for illuminating and entertaining reading we have not often come

across anything better than Williams' account of what he went through as a prisoner of France. Much of it is quite Marryat-like, and it is all the more interesting because it covers so many places in evidence in the war to-day. Short's diary is a little tiresome, and we have to run through long pages of not very instructive entries in order to secure an occasional titbit. One of the curiosities of the book is a copy of the original reprieve granted to Williams by Napoleon in 1811; the document is in the possession of his son, Colonel H. W. Williams, J.P., "and the now faded rosette which was fastened to his breast in the great hall at Grenoble, in token of that pardon, is still treasured by his family." These reminiscences of the great war of a century ago are published most opportunely.

Fiction

WE have hitherto known Mr. Gerald Grogan as a writer of spirited verse; on now renewing his acquaintance we find ourselves in the presence of a romancer who bids fair to go far in the realms of fancy. "A Drop in Infinity" (John Lane, 6s.) is an extravagant semi-scientific story which is not without its prototypes, but at the same time possesses many novel features. The plot is built around the machinations of a malevolent, unscrupulous wizard, a past master in electrical phenomena and psychology, who transports a guileless youth, John Thorpe, and a winsome maid, Marjorie, to the "fourth dimension," a hitherto unknown spot in boundless space, into which civilisation has never penetrated. Youth, under such circumstances, has a new world before it, to open like an oyster; but youth is no Falstaff, and these young people had not even the friendly counsel of a duenna to satisfy the scruples of a Mrs. Grundy. How they fared is amusingly told in this ingenious and exciting story, comic and tragic by turns, with a supernatural atmosphere.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence is an author of acknowledged versatility, equally at home as poet, dramatist, or novelist. His latest volume, "The Prussian Officer" (Duckworth and Co., 6s.), is a collection of short stories, some of which we have met with before, but their interest is as absorbing as ever, and, taken with the later ones, which help to make up a round dozen, place their author in the front rank of the little band who have acquired the difficult art of constructing a short story with finished craftsmanship. The volume takes its title, for purposes of sale, we presume, rather than any other reason, from the account of the brutality of a Prussian officer towards an inoffensive young orderly. There is nothing new in this, unfortunately, for such treatment was common enough before the war, though it may be on the increase now; but the realistic way in which Mr. Lawrence deals with the episode adds to the horror of it. The other stories are by no means all so morbid as this; indeed, there is considerable variety about them, and they show us life from so many points of view that there can be no doubt of the author's powers of observation and his ability in portraying nature as only an artist can.

"Nullos": the Poor Man's Chance

BY TAUNTON WILLIAMS.

II

It has been well said that a nullos hand consists of twenty-six cards. A declarant may have a grand-slam combination in his own hand, but those protected suits will be no good to him if the exposed hand consists mainly of intermediate cards. I have in mind what used to be called a defensive spade hand, composed of knaves and tens to the seven and sixes. If this is the nature of the exposed cards the hand becomes a safe target for the opposing play. An important distinction is here involved. No trumps can be successful with strength in one hand. Nullos must have weakness in both hands. In short, every trick must be lost twice over. By weakness I mean, of course, *protective* weakness. The presence of top cards need no more deter a partner from putting up a call than the declarant from making it. But those winners must be supported by low cards. This should be the indication of a raised nullos call, and if the declarant is similarly placed he can then proceed to the full value of his hand. The cards may be divided into sixteen high, sixteen low, and twenty medium. If partners hold the majority of the second, to that extent they cannot be underplayed. But, I repeat, these low cards must be shared, as every trick has to be *lost* twice over. The emphasis is necessary, as I have known usually intelligent players ignore the warnings of their partners and continue the bidding solely on the merits of their own quite admirable nullos hands. This selfish policy more often than not comes to grief, especially because the exposed hand is always the most vulnerable. Let the beginner therefore remember never to force a nullos call without some encouragement from his partner. The absence of a higher bid in nullos when the original declaration has been overcalled should mean that no assistance can be given.

What, then, should constitute support of a nullos call? Generally speaking, protection—*i.e.*, some weakness—in all four suits. Of course, being void of a suit, having a singleton or a doubleton, are the best form of protection. Otherwise, kings and aces must have their sufficient guards. The possession of a long suit in hearts or spades, headed by honours, is no reason for a partner overcalling nullos. Let us suppose that the suit in question consists of ace, king, seven, five, three, two, and that the hand contains two other top honours, both guarded; we have here a perfectly sound suit call, but the hand is even more effective for negative play than for an attacking bid. Moreover, if the declarant does not see fit to go on with nullos, the suit call remains in reserve. Again, there are players who would overcall their partner's "one nullos" with "one no trumps," simply because they hold three aces and nothing more; whereas the hand would be an excellent complement of the companion one. Weak no-trumpers, in fact, usually make better nullos hands, and have come to be known as "nullo no-trumpers." A nullo

call is always preferable to a pass, as it conveys some knowledge of the kind of hand it represents. In the same way no bid should imply that the hand is not adapted to an original one nullos. Just as there is a Robertson rule for fixing the minimum strength of a no-trumper, so there is a rule for fixing the maximum strength on which to make the negative bid. The process is to add up the pips of the two lowest cards in each suit, and, if their aggregate does not exceed thirty-five, the hand constitutes a nullos. Three from the total is deducted for a singleton, and six when a suit is void. The lower the total, of course, the better. The rule is not infallible, nor need it be religiously observed by the expert, but it provides a basis for the inexperienced player.

One more aspect of the topsy-turvy nature of nullos is the importance of retaining the low cards. Just as a card of "re-entry" is of value in a no-trumper so is a card of "exit" in the inverse call. And just as the disposition of the novice is to play out his certain tricks in the one case so is his temptation to make early tricks with his low cards. We can all appreciate how desirable it is to have a master card in dummy in order to place the lead there. The object in nullos is to keep a card which will enable us to get rid of the lead. The objective of the adversaries will be dummy's strength, which is his weakness in the nullos sense. Therefore, when dummy has to take a trick, it should be taken in the most expensive way; it is an elementary rule, but one that is sometimes overlooked. In this connection I may introduce the equivalent of the eleven rule as applied to nullos. This is to play the third lowest of a suit. If four is deducted from the number of pips on this card, reckoning honours as ten, it will give the number of cards lower than that not in the player's hand. It is called the minus four rule. Let us say, for example, that the eight is led. Third player, making the deduction, knows that there are four lower cards that his partner does not hold, and can place those which are not in either the exposed hand or his own with the declarant. Another good opening lead is from a singleton, or a doubleton of low value, thus facilitating discards. Discards play, of course, an important part in nullos. They are a particular source of risk when dummy has a very long suit—let us suppose the ace, queen, nine, and four small diamonds. This would be a well-protected suit under ordinary conditions, but, if the declarant only held one, and the opponents three and two respectively, it might be made the danger point in the later stages of the round if dummy had been deprived of his cards of exit and was left in with his remaining diamonds to play. I hope I have said enough, within the limits of these two articles, to lead the uninitiated to give nullos a trial and to study the many intricacies of the call which I have not here been able to explain.

A course of six public lectures on "Free Will and Personality" will be given at the London School of Economics by H. Wildon Carr, D.Litt., at 5 p.m., on Mondays, beginning on January 25.

The Theatre

"A Daughter of England"

AT the present moment one of the most important works that the Stage and Press can perform is to bring before the public the extremely serious and but partly realised position in which the war of the nations has placed this country. Judged from this point of view, the new play from the French of Monsieur E. V. Miller serves a noble end. Artistically it is compact of faults of construction and ineffective dialogue, but the author has obviously had but one intention, that of arousing in the minds of the audience some deeper appreciation of the machinations and the power of the Prussian autocracy. For this purpose he shows us, firstly, life in Zabern in April of last year. Here an English governess, Miss Marga La Rubia, is made love to by her employer, Colonel Baron von Rieter, Mr. Jerold Robertshaw, and is duly punished for her proud intolerance of his passion by being involved in a singularly clumsy plot or plots which threaten her honour in other ways than those of an *affaire*. When she appears to be in the utmost danger she finds a friend in a French Captain Dubois, Mr. Frank Randell, who is on some secret business in Zabern. Eventually villains are exposed and the excellent governess and the admirable captain are made happy. The whole play is a little too artificial to admit of acting. No one can do more than pretend, but each person of the play has to drive home his lesson irrespective of the art of the stage.

"A Daughter of England" is to be given twice every evening at the Garrick Theatre at 6.20 and 9 p.m., and the prices to be charged are on the most moderate scale, so that it is quite possible that somewhat unsophisticated audiences may find pleasure as well as a stimulating lesson in this well-intentioned endeavour.

"Peg o' My Heart"

NOW is the period of surprisingly short runs; some productions are so quickly over, indeed, that the writer for a weekly paper sometimes finds his hopeful review appearing in print a few days after the play has retired into the limbo of forgotten theatrical things. Personally we did not believe in the longevity of Mr. Hartley Manners' so-called "comedy of youth" which Miss Laurette Taylor has helped to make so popular. After more than a hundred nights "Peg o' my Heart" has moved to the Globe Theatre, where that artificial and amazingly welcome lady seems likely to make her home for many a day. The play itself is a clever composition of well-worn clichés of stage life, and, perhaps, the neat arrangement of old points, the time-worn vocabulary applied to old situations, and the whole-hearted and exaggerated acting of the main people of the cast may account for the general welcome which the public have given to it. For every playgoer loves old-fashioned plays and players. "Peg o' my Heart" reminds us of far-off things like Minnie Palmer and "My

Sweetheart"—vaguely, of course, but quite nearly enough to make us wonder a little that a public which has rejected so many plays of late should crowd to see this. It is now too late to tell the story, to praise or criticise the actors; they have won through; victory is theirs, and all we can do is to be thankful that one at least of the newer productions pleases, and to regret in our hearts that anything so inexpressive, so hackneyed, so untrue to life, should delight an audience of to-day.

EGAN MEW.

In the Temple of Mammon

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange is quite pleased with itself. It has a system of marking all bargains done, not a system of marking the numbers of shares dealt in, as in the United States. Consequently one thousand pounds of Consols may be dealt in, in a hundred lots of £10 each, and the world at large may think that there is a gigantic demand for Consols. We are certain to see some ridiculous developments of this method of marking bargains by a price and not by the number of shares. Some promoter is certain to invent a perfectly valueless stock and give orders for five shares each to every member of the Stock Exchange. Then the list will show half a page of bargains done, and only the insider will be aware of the fraud. There are all kinds of absurdities in these new rules, and no doubt many of them will be altered as time goes on. The unfortunate broker now has to fill up no fewer than six different forms for every bargain he does. This means a considerable accession to the clerical business without a single penny of additional commission being paid to him. Brokers' expenses are to-day very high, and unless they go in for promotion, which is dead at the present moment, their profits are limited. Fixed prices and fixed charges look like seeing the end of the Stock Exchange. Certainly 90 per cent. of the business done in the House before the war was speculative business. Will the four thousand members be able to live on the remaining 10 per cent? I doubt it.

I have just said that promotion was dead; but that reminds me that new issues are by no means dead. For example, Henry Boston and Sons, the well-known Liverpool leather merchants, will make their appearance with a capital of £250,000, divided into £125,000 ordinary and £125,000 6 per cent. cumulative participating preference shares. These shares receive yearly a sum equal to 20 per cent. of the total dividends paid upon the ordinary shares in that year. Boston's profits are certified at £13,000 for the year 1912, rising to £26,000 for 1914. The assets, exclusive of goodwill, are £385,506, and the liabilities £262,750. This includes a loan by Sir Joseph Beecham, who is the chairman of the company. It is a well-known enterprise, and the interest upon the preference shares is certainly well secured. Van den Berghs are going to issue £250,000 6 per cent. notes. Van den Berghs

are very much over-capitalised, and as everybody knows, they do, or, rather, have done, a large German business. I hope that when the prospectus appears we shall be assured that the Dutch firm no longer trades with our enemy. But Van den Berghs so control the Dutch margarine trade that I imagine there will be little difficulty in shifting the German business from Van den Berghs' English firm to a colleague of Van den Berghs that is actually Dutch.

The Dutch Loan, by the way, is said to have been fully subscribed. The authorities declared that they would make the loan compulsory unless every guilder were taken up. As this would have been a very awkward thing to do I suspect that the fully subscribed notice is a pleasant little fiction, for certainly a day or two back the subscriptions to the loan were very bad, and Dutch financiers were wondering whether the Government would exercise their threat or not.

The Money Market is in a most peculiar condition. Till-money, or, as it is called in the papers, day-to-day money, is being lent out by the banks at one per cent., and even the best trade bills are being done at a little over 4 per cent. Nevertheless the Bank of England rate of discount is 5 per cent., and very few people can get loans from their bankers under 6 per cent. There is a perfect glut of money in the market. This is due, of course, to the almost entire cessation of the foreign trade which is usually done in London. The matter is really serious, because if London desires to continue her control of the world's money she will have to lower her official rate of discount, and this she dare not do whilst the war is on.

There have been a few dealings in Consols, but no one would be stupid enough to purchase at the present fixed price when he could buy either War Loan or India Threes, or indeed Egyptian Unified, which must now be considered as a British security. I am quite certain that these fixed prices will have to be altered. In some cases they are preposterously high, and in others they are ridiculously low.

The Foreign market is quite disorganised, and everyone is waiting to see what will happen when Roumania goes into the fray. Will Greece join? What will Italy do? Also, it is of imperative necessity to Hungary to keep her hold on Trieste and Fiume, otherwise she would certainly refuse to desert Germany and join the Allies. There is all the making of an immense comedy in the situation; not the cleverest diplomatist in England can see the end of the business; but one thing is certain, and that is that Great Britain will have to find the money for all these countries to fight with.

Rubber remains very hard, and is likely to keep firm, especially now that the United States is to be allowed under certain restrictions to buy plantation as well as fine hard-cured Para. England is to-day the market for all rubber, Brazilian as well as plantation. I should not be surprised to see the price go to 2s. 6d. How will Russia obtain her necessary supplies? Probably the Russian companies need from 15 to 17 thousand tons of rubber a year, and they will find a difficulty in obtaining it now that they are surrounded by a ring of war; some will go through Sweden and some through Archangel.

Oil shares keep steady. Shells are now hard at £4, and there has been some buying of both Spies and North Caucasians, but I confess that I can find no justification for the firmness of the market. I think I would rather buy Mexican Eagle, for Lord Cowdray knows how to square the brigands, and apparently his oil-wells have not been interfered with at all. By the way, when will the Mexican Eagle report be issued?

Shipping shares are remarkably hard, and freights keep advancing. Furness, Withy have been bid, and there are people who are willing to pay 270 for P. and O. deferred,

and also optimists who think Leyland prefs. a good purchase. It is possible that the boom in shipping shares may last for some months, but the general bad trade of the world must in the end have an effect upon freights. Good judges look for a collapse within six months.

Armament shares have not been purchased as they should have been. Personally, I can see nothing cheaper in the market than Armstrongs or Vickers Maxim. Sheffield is working day and night to supply all the big armament firms, and in Birmingham the small people are equally busy. Kynochs are full of orders, and the Birmingham Small Arms is working three shifts in the twenty-four hours.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

A NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Bonar Law's reply to Lord Crewe brings to mind the address he delivered on the 14th ultimo, which included the following important statement:—

"The War can only be brought to a successful issue if the nation is united. In France, where the danger was the same, they decided, and I think rightly, that a national war could best be conducted by a national government, a government formed from all parties. Here it was not necessary to take that step, for the Government knew that in the conduct of the war they could rely on our support. A government supported by the whole nation is necessary to end the war; but the need for unity will not end with victory. We are told by our enemies that it is we who have caused the war from motives of aggression, or from the still baser motive of commercial jealousy. We know better. We know that we can gain nothing from this war, except two things, peace when it is over, and security for peace in the future. But that security for the future we must have, and to secure it a united nation will still be necessary."

While acknowledging the courtesy of the Government in permitting the leaders of the Unionist Party to see despatches from abroad, Mr. Bonar Law now says they have "received no information from the Government which has not been given publicly, as to the steps which they have hitherto taken, or the steps which they propose to take, for the prosecution of the war."

This seems to prove that Mr. Law was wrong when he said it was not necessary for us to follow France in having a national government.

Fortunately, as a nation we are united in this world-crisis in which we are fighting in defence of International Law. This being the case, surely we ought to insist on having a national government—that is, a government of all the political parties into which we are divided?

Those who object to our system of party government are not blind to the advantages which are compensations for its admitted evils. For instance, the party system does ensure that independent criticism which is so essential for a healthy administration of public affairs. In such a crisis as the present, when one and all feel it to be their first duty to support the Government, surely it should be representative of all. As it is we have a government representing one party, with the other parties giving support from the outside. This deprives us of the advantages of the party system without giving us those of a coalition in which the intelligence of all would be utilised for the national cause. The support which leaders of the political parties not represented in the Cabinet

can give, though greater in degree, is of the same kind as that given by the man in the street. There is national unity in purpose, but there is not that confidence which would result from having in power a national government.

The issues at stake for ourselves and for the future of civilisation are such that it is almost criminal not to avail ourselves of any force at our disposal. As Mr. Bonar Law said, a government supported by the whole nation is necessary to end the war and to obtain that security for the future which we must have. A government representing only one political party cannot possibly receive the whole-hearted support of the whole nation.

We all acknowledge our great indebtedness to Mr. Asquith and his colleagues for all they have done in organising the national forces, but, after all, intelligence is our greatest force, and this can only be utilised to the full by combining the leading minds of all parties in a national government. The stupendous work that has to be done if we are to see established a reign of law between the nations, in place of the license of physical force, must be patent to the members of the Government. Therefore, may we not expect that the time is at hand when, in order to strengthen their hands, they will invite the real co-operation of all parties in a government which shall in fact be national? Yours, etc.,

MARK H. JUDGE.

7, Pall Mall, S.W., January 11, 1915.

MR. ALFRED NOYES PROTESTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I was not a little amazed to find by your paragraph upon British obtuseness (in THE ACADEMY) that your journal is not yet aware that a war is now being waged in Europe.

The writer of the paragraph in question evidently thinks that there is some little trouble between Germany and America; and that Great Britain, in solitary grandeur, is waving a sword at nothing in particular.

Perhaps you will allow me to point out (as you referred to a statement of my own, which was invited by the Americans themselves) that I spoke of Belgium, not of Britain, when I said that Germany was "battering the ramparts of civilisation." Also may I point out to THE ACADEMY (for it is alone in the world) that four other Powers are at war with Germany, and that by far the greater part of civilisation is either physically or morally arrayed against one evil-doing nation?

I do not believe in the theory (first advanced by Mr. Shaw) that we should adapt the truth to tickle the palate of the neutral nations. It is a disgraceful and unworthy idea, and I am sure that THE ACADEMY did not seriously mean to uphold it. Mr. Shaw's attempts to adapt the truth for American consumption were a disastrous failure. They did immeasurable harm.

I know the American spirit a little better than that at any rate, and I have never found that they disliked the truth.

Nor should I be ashamed to say even of my own country that she was guarding "the ramparts of civilisation." I did not happen to say it. But the attitude of THE ACADEMY towards the suggestion is that of contempt for our cause. I am sure this was accidental. But we must make our minds up, one way or the other. Yours, etc.,

143, Sloane Street, S.W.

ALFRED NOYES.

January 7, 1915.

"MERCENARY ASPIRATIONS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—In fairness to Mr. Frank Harris let me hasten to say, in connection with your review of "The

Yellow Ticket," that he never saw until it was already in print the paragraph that appears on the paper wrapper of the book. I have no reason to suppose that he approves of it—or that he disapproves of it. Your reviewer's suggestion that he "whines" through his publisher because his harvest is not so great as he would like it to be is uncalled for. The paragraph is an "advertisement." It sets forth what I feel about Mr. Harris's work; and as I am a publisher, whose business it is to sell as many of my authors' books as I can possibly manage to sell, I have not any objection at all to "ordinary people" connecting the paragraph with "mercenary aspirations." Faithfully yours,

GRANT RICHARDS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Greek Philosophers. By Alfred W. Benn. Second Edition, partly Re-written. (Smith, Elder and Co. 18s. net.)

William Morris. By J. W. Mackail. (National Home Reading Union. 1s.)

English History in the XVth Century. By Charles L. Kingsford. (National Home Reading Union. 1s.)

University Life in the Olden Time. By J. O. Bevan, M.A. (Chapman and Hall. 5s. net.)

Mediterranean Idylls. By Merrydelle Hoyt. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

The Plea of Pan. By Henry W. Nevinson. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Life and Visions of St. Hildegard. By Francesca M. Steele. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 4s. 6d. net.)

THE ASIATIC REVIEW

(Formerly "The Asiatic Quarterly Review").

JANUARY 1, 1915.

Comments on Current Events.

The Indian Troops in France. (From an Eyewitness.)

The Fall of Tsing-Tao, and its Aftermath.

SHINJI ISHII

Quatrains of Omar Khayyam. JOHN POLLEN, LL.D., C.I.E.

Proceedings of the East India Association.

India's Rally Round the Flag. A. YUSUF ALI, I.C.S. (Rtd)

English Authors and Oriental Orthography.

Lieut.-General F. TYRRELL

In Java: The Valley of Death. J. F. SCHELTEMA, M.A.

Correspondence: THE RULING PRINCES IN INDIA.

INDIA AFTER THE WAR. E. A. R. Haigh

Official Notifications.

Literary Supplement:

THE ESSAYS OF LORD CROMER. W. W. CADDON

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